



# Bare Feet and Pavement



👁 19 ✓ 0 ⭐ 1

## Chapter 1 by foolishly\_of course

It is too early for me. But sometimes being up to feel the cold, crisp air is rejuvenating.

Stepping out through the sliding glass door, carefully pulling it closed behind me, so not to startle any living thing around. As my bare foot hit the cold concrete of the back patio, I am forced to take a deep breathe in.

The air is so fresh, and cold, as chilling as the ground beneath my feet.

The morning sun has not yet come up, and everything I see still has that grayish-blue tint morning's like this possess. I can feel the dampness in the air as if we are all covered in morning dew.

I pull back my hair into a quick ponytail, setting it in place with the elastic on my wrist, and my exposed neck gets little bumps from the chilling air.

Its not cold out, in fact I know soon the sun will be up and this day is going to get hot, and fast. Its only a short time that the cool morning will stay. Its like being in my own little world right now. No traffic. No phone ringing or chores to complete. No excuses or explanations. No disappointments either.

I sigh in relief pull out the patio chair, sip my sweet hot cup of coffee as I sit. I look around and see a jack rabbit darting across the lawn. Leaning back I pull out my lighter and putting a cigarette between my lips, day stretched out before me, I think of nothing as I sit and smoke. I stay quiet and relaxed in my cool, dewy morning.

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